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1915







*BITS AND BANTERS*



BITS  
AND  
BANTERS

BY  
RUBY GALBRAITH ALLEN



NEW YORK  
1915

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DEDICATED  
TO  
MY MOTHER



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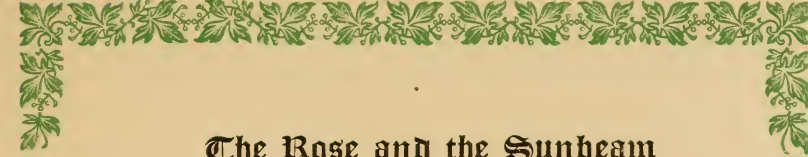
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*BITS AND BANTERS*





## The Rose and the Sunbeam

A rose fell in love with a sunbeam  
Who had smiled upon her for days ;  
Her petals were arms that she opened  
To keep him with her always.  
But soon he began to neglect her ;  
Hid in the shadows apart,  
She drooped and she cried,  
For the sunbeam she sighed,  
And then died of the love in her heart.

But later the sunbeam came gleaming,  
Handsome as he was before,  
Glancing where roses lay dreaming,  
But one little rose was no more.  
Had the little rose known that shadows  
Are lessons sent down from above  
She would not have sighed,  
But instead would have tried  
To have lived, and not died, for love.





## I Drink to the Heart?

I drink to the stars that were meant for the night,  
I drink to the sun that was meant to give light,  
I drink to the love that is ever divine,  
I drink to the heart that was meant to be mine!







## My Golden Butterfly

My Golden Butterfly, so often now I sigh  
With regret, when I'd forget  
The day you first came by—  
I tried to break your pretty wing,  
I tried to catch you, pretty thing,  
To satisfy Love's sudden cry,  
My Golden Butterfly!

It was my heart's desire to see your bright wings tire,  
My passion grew, I never knew  
My heart could feel such fire.  
You fluttered, then lay still in death,  
The sad sight chilled my very breath;  
Love said goodbye—you chose to die,  
My Golden Butterfly!





The man who tells he has loved but once, admits to  
all he's but a dunce.





## You Can Win If You Wait

When you're feeling disheartened, discouraged all  
through;

When there's no one around to reason with you;

When the sun in the sky has forgotten to shine;

When you've prayed to the Lord that He send you  
a sign;

When the roadway ahead seems too long and too  
rough;

When you're fain to admit you have had quite  
enough,

Turn the laugh on despair by the cheer of your smile—

You can win if you wait—so hold on for a while!

When you climb up the hills that are rocky and steep;

When fatigue and exhaustion compel you to creep;

When you come to a comrade who turns to go back,


Let him by, but keep on with the upleading track;

When around every precipice slowly you wind;

When you seem to stand still, keep this fact in your  
mind:

When you've come to the summit, you'll say with a  
smile—

“It's the fighting the fight that makes winning worth  
while!”



## Creatures of Impulse

We are creatures born of impulse,  
We are swayed by touch or glance;  
As the wind will blow leaves to and fro,  
We are blown about by chance.





## The Story of the Chrysanthemum

A chrysanthemum sat on my window,  
So stately and tall and strong,  
And day after day as I watched it there,  
I wondered it lived so long.

Then a breath of a breeze touched it gently  
Though all in the room was still,  
And its golden petals by one and one  
Went over the window-sill.

And I thought how the beautiful sunshine  
Had nourished it day by day  
That a wandering breeze might one day come  
To lure its petals away.

As I gazed on the stalk, so tall and strong  
Though robbed by the vagrant air,  
I wondered what judgment the stalk might pass  
On the petals, frail and fair.

'Tis the tender thing, with its feelings fine,  
That is wooed and won by guile,  
While the never-tempted and always strong  
Will ever live on to smile.



If advice were  
food, we would all  
die of indigestion.





# Life and Love

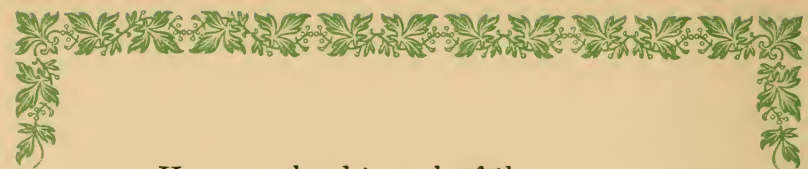
## AN ALLEGORY

Where the sunshine played on the seashore  
Life sat and fell asleep,  
Till a presence cried in her ear, "Awake!"  
And she woke from her slumber deep.

And there stood—Love, with his strange  
dark eyes;  
Of that meeting was born First Joy.  
He never spoke, but laughed and played—  
Their hearts his toys to destroy.

So when Love and Life let time slip by,  
It happened somehow one day  
That while they both lay down to sleep,  
Their First Joy ran away.

When they awoke and found him gone,  
Alone, their eyes so sad  
Beheld a tiny stranger there  
Who tried to make them glad.



He gave a hand to each of them,  
Drew close as they journeyed on,  
And when Love was weary or Life was sad,  
They had him to lean upon.


When Life on sharp stones cut her feet,  
He would kiss the wounds away,  
O'er hottest sands when Love grew faint,  
Brought water every day.

When they passed through dark drear places  
And their hands would freeze with cold,  
He'd warm them at his beating heart  
When their sorrows they'd unfold.

At last they came where Reflection sat  
With her elbow on her knee:  
'Tis she who steals light from the past  
To shed on tranquillity.

They cried out, "Wise One, tell us  
Where our radiant Joy has gone!  
How did we sin to lose him?  
Shall we find him as we go on?"






“Would you give up what’s beside you now,”  
The wise old woman said,  
“For the Joy you knew so long ago,  
You both had thought was dead?”

And Life and Love both wondered  
Who’d warm each freezing heart;  
At last they cried, “Though we’d find our Joy,  
From this we cannot part!”

Reflection answered, “Fools and blind,  
What you once had, you have now,  
But when roads grow rough and days grow long,  
You forget to see, I vow.

“Then comes the time when you would ask,  
‘Where can our First Joy be?’  
When he walks beside you, changed in name  
From Joy to Sympathy!”

(Versified from the story, “The Lost Joy,” by Olive Schreiner.)



A woman's sincerity is as dangerous to a man's happiness as her insincerity.





## Convention

With money and power to loom up like a tower,  
We are slaves to the whims of all others;  
We worry and fret in and out of our set,  
So it's been with our fathers and mothers.

The comfort we'd know if Convention, our foe,  
Wouldn't check every impulse and curb us,  
Would brighten our work and distrust wouldn't lurk  
In our hearts and our minds to disturb us.

Could we clothe all we do in frankness all through,  
The best that is in us we'd give;  
But conventional rules make the best of us fools  
And the slaves of deceit while we live.





## I Know Not What Great Love May Be

I know not what great love may be,  
But somehow I divine  
It's that which fills my heart with thrills  
When your eyes look in mine.






## God's Presence

In the desert alone I lay one night  
The earth my pillow, the stars my light;  
White like the snow was the burning sand,  
And I felt God's presence close at hand.

He came so near me, a restful sleep  
Came to me when I'd thought to weep;  
I grew at last to understand  
What brings God's presence close at hand.





Love will  
recognize no  
Happy Medium.





## If Only?

If we only could, just you and I,  
Find the one great reason why  
A love, a friendship so supreme,  
Must some day end just like a dream!

If we only could but touch the stars!  
If hearts could only break their bars!  
If we could somehow change the past,  
Why, then, perhaps our dream might last!





## Here's to Your Eyes:

Here's to your eyes that somehow surmise  
Something I'd tell, that's true;  
And here's that no part of your dear little heart  
Will regret that it's love for you!







## I Dreamed I Sought You

I dreamed last night of a world so fair,  
Where green, the Earth laid her carpets rare  
Roses and violets everywhere—  
But I was searching for you!

The summer sunshine had slain the night  
And birdlings sang to their heart's delight,  
Nymphs in their beauty beguiled the sight—  
But I was searching for you!


From Paradise then my chains I broke,  
I saw you, dear one, when I awoke,  
I kissed your lips, but no word I spoke,  
I knew *why* I'd searched for you.





Never tell  
what you  
wouldn't believe.



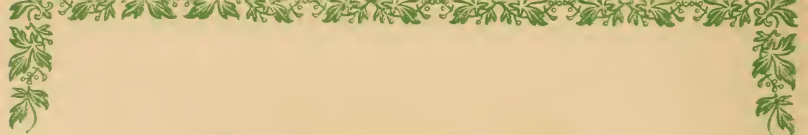


## Love Has No Reason Why

(SONG)

Sometimes I wonder why  
Love should come to such as I,  
When I've laughed to scorn  
My heart forlorn,  
When 'twould plead and beg that love be  
born.  
And when dreams would come my way,  
I'd never let them stay,  
No romance, by any chance,  
But now I have to say:


With the clasp of your hand,  
With the touch of your lips,  
With grace from your toes  
To your finger-tips;  
With a perfume divine  
That confuses the mind,  
With a power to make me want you for mine.



With alluring sweet smiles,  
I bow to your wiles,  
Content just to live or die;  
Love has no reason,  
Love has no season,  
Love has no reason why.

I never dreamed or knew  
What love could really do.  
The world to me now seems to be  
A prison—set my poor heart free!  
The deep blue of the sky  
Seems bluer to my eye;  
The flowers grow,  
They seem to know  
That you're the reason why.






## Here's to Marriage:

Here's to marriage—that bond supreme  
That has power to waken us out of a dream!  
If the dream be of heaven,  
If the dream be of hell,  
Father Time alone can tell!



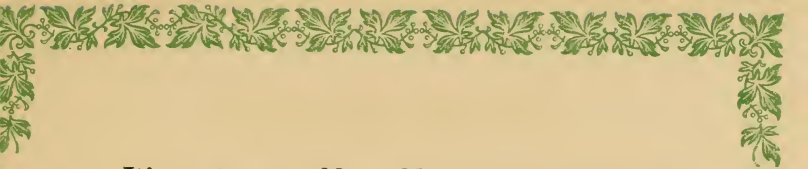


## A Strange Old World

It's a strange old world with its broken  
    hopes,  
Its broken hearts and sorrows;  
    Where the interest rate  
    Is all too great  
For the little joys it borrows.

It's a strange old world where we work for  
    food,  
For the very beds we sleep in;  
    Though we have the best,  
    A great unrest  
Some day will surely creep in.


It's a strange old world, with its many types,  
Its vices and temptations;  
    With its Winter drear,  
    And its Summer cheer,  
And its many queer creations.



It's a strange old world, full of strange old  
folks

Who cling to this mundane sphere,  
Though one more morrow  
Means one more sorrow  
To add to the dying year.





New clothes  
bring a woman  
new smiles.







## Recipe for Results

If you try to make each one believe  
You're as happy as can be,  
You'll gain respect, that will reflect  
Through the whole community;  
But if you ever seem to sigh  
Or seek to tell your woes,  
The things you want you'll never get,  
Just why—nobody knows!






## Misfortune

If you ever need help and you really are down,  
You will find it's a cold world at best;  
When your heart begs a smile,  
Ten to one all the while  
Your pride will be put to the test.

When your clothes tell the tale your lips seek to  
hide,  
The respect you try hard to command  
Is all lost to view,  
The joke is on you,  
You're compelled to lay down your hand.

Sign posts to success are too few indeed;  
The wrong road is too easy to find;  
And people won't try  
To figure out why  
When fortune to them has been kind.

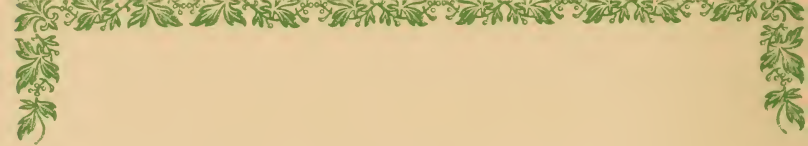
There are few who have sinned for the love of a  
sin,  
We are creatures of circumstance;  
If each one had the might  
Just to always do right,  
How few wouldn't jump at the chance!



'Twere well to remember and weigh all our  
thoughts

When judging another soul's case;  
There's a spot on the Sun,  
So what earthly one  
Dares laugh in Misfortune's face?





Some people  
are too ignorant  
to be unhappy.






## Till the Soul Is Born

The one who is told he can't live but must die  
Seems somehow resigned, never ready to cry.  
Not so his dear ones, who pray he may live;  
If 'twould keep life the longer, their Heart's blood  
they'd give.

To the one passing out, though vague it may be,  
Something peaceful and restful, like the calm of the  
sea  
Must make itself clear to the soul on its way,  
Though it comes without voice to the body of clay.

If death calls your mother or baby of two,  
There's a feeling that God's been unkind to you.  
We forget that He made us and sent us to earth  
And we're His to take back from the day of our  
birth.

The most of our grief is but selfish at best;  
We mourn more for ourselves than the dear ones at  
rest.  
For we know how we'll miss the touch of a hand—  
Just why they are called we cannot understand.



There's something within wants to keep, have and hold,  
If it's ours in the flesh or ours in the gold.  
We seek ever for happiness till our bodies are worn,  
But seek ever in vain till the soul is born.

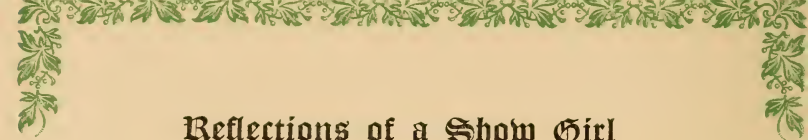




## A Triple Toast

To health, to wealth, and then to love,  
I drink this toast; though few,  
Beneath the sun, find more than one.  
But here's all three to you!





## Reflections of a Show Girl

There are many things I would write about  
If they could be colored with truth:  
I'd tell of the man of fifty,  
And I'd tell of the callow youth.


I'd tell of the love they believe they feel  
When you're looking your very best,  
I'd tell of the foolish things they say—  
How you're so diff'rent from all the rest.

It's amusing to hear them warn you  
Of the man who may not play fair;  
They take it they're the only ones  
Who play the game on the square.

When you tell them how you are trying  
To live, to exist, and do right,  
They insist that you need affection  
To make everything look bright.

You don't even dare speak of money,  
It is thought to be commonplace;  
It somehow gets on the nerves of a man  
And can seldom be done with grace.






So while you worry your brains away,  
Over bills that are coming due,  
You get invitations to parties and balls  
That mean only late hours for you.

You're supposed to have clothes of the latest cut,  
It's understood you should always look right,  
And to prove how much they care for you,  
They wine you and dine you all night.

When in the end they try to make love,  
As they never forget to do,  
And find no response awaiting them,  
They wonder what's wrong with you.

If you're cold or you're not quite human?  
If you love some other too well?  
If you fear you'll be misunderstood?  
Or is it—because they might tell?

And they wonder at a lot of things,  
When they should have known at the start  
If your head were free from worries,  
Perhaps you might think of your heart!



Never feel so encouraged that you will be surprised  
at disappointment.





## Reflections of a Man About Town


It can well be said in words that are few  
That the man about town has a version too:  
It has ever been known since the world began  
It is woman's delight to tempt mere man.

With skirts cut short, with shoulders bare,  
With lips made red, with perfumed hair,  
She fans the flame, though surprised at the fire  
She kindles, that brings out mad desire.

There's the girl you meet at the midnight hour  
Who will smoke and will drink a whiskey sour,  
Who will take offense if you misunderstand—  
If you ask for a kiss, or you squeeze her hand.

If a woman would give when she's willing to take,  
If she only would live by the laws she would make,  
In life's little drama, she'd play the star part  
And rule every man by a sweet simple heart.





## The Seed of Inspiration

Plant in the mind inspiring thoughts  
And beautiful flowers will bloom  
Till your garden so fair  
Will scent all the air  
With its sweet and its rare perfume.





## In a Little Café

Did you ever come home from a café's bright light  
With eyes tired but wakeful, and think in the night  
Of the voices, the faces, the music, the dance—  
The illusion they give at a first little glance?

Ever read behind eyes that looked into your own  
The things people mean to keep always unknown?  
Ever feel what they felt as they drank to forget  
And spent to their future and certain regret?

Ever think of the games that are played as we dine?  
While we taste of our food, while we sip at our wine?  
While we chatter of love or of business each day?  
Of the heartaches we hide in a little café?






## Advice

Look your best and the rest will follow,  
Mix as little as you can ;  
Live with a book and a good plain cook,  
And be happier than many a man.






## For Your Dear Sake

There are days of the past I will never forget,  
There are days of the past I will never regret;  
They were spent with you, and how happy, dear heart,  
But sad was the day when I found we must part!  
In my blindness, of course, I could not know  
You loved me not, for I loved you so,  
And sometimes I think you were kind to me  
To let me live on in my ecstasy,  
Though it proved but a dream and I had to wake,  
I have been content for your dear sake.


There are times when I long to stroke your hair  
As I did when I thought you used to care;  
I remember how sometimes you sighed  
Although, dear heart, you so often tried  
To smile, when your heart was weary and sad  
That I might always think you were glad;  
So you know why I only think kindly of you  
When I look back and know what you must have  
gone through,  
And when I've thought my heart must break,  
I've been content for your dear sake.



Many a plot  
has been spoiled  
by a kiss.







## Dear One

Dear One, why should you hear me?

I have only love to give;  
With thoughts of you to cheer me,  
I've been satisfied to live.

Dear One, by sleep forsaken,

In my fancy, through the night  
My toll of love I've taken  
And your lips were mine by right.

Dear One, when you discover,

My Maker up above  
Will have claimed me from a fate unkind  
That gave you—my heart, my soul, my  
love!





## Coast to a Flirt

Here's to the flirt who'd have you believe  
That you alone she would never deceive;  
Here's hoping some day when she cheats at the game  
She'll lose her heart and not try it again!





## Thoughts of You

I feed my soul on thoughts of you  
Until all else is lost to view.  
Each thought just like the bright sunlight  
Comes to me in darkest night;  
The very breeze that blows, I vow,  
Breathes kisses on my fevered brow—  
Each rain-drop like a tiny tear  
Mourns your loss with me, my dear!






## I Am Dreaming a Dream of Love

I am dreaming of love, I am dreaming of thee,  
I am dreaming of life as it all should be,  
Of joys divine, had you been mine,  
I am dreaming a dream of love!

I'm dreaming of love and, dear, you see  
I may always dream on and long for thee;  
Since deep in my heart, as a thing apart,  
I am dreaming a dream of love!





## Love's Ghost

Here's to the days of the pleasant past!

And here's to the love that we thought must last!

And here's to the spirit that lets us toast

In new-found friendship, Love's pale ghost!






## Live and Let Live

It's all right to be optimistic  
When things go right the while;  
It's pleasant to feel you have friends who are  
real—  
Who haven't deceived with a smile.

It's great to believe the world is good,  
Hold to that thought each day,  
If Fate has been kind and has not let you find  
How frail is humanity's clay.

It's splendid to keep even tempered,  
And never wear even a frown,  
If all the day long not a thing has gone wrong  
And your spirit's not all trampled down.

It's fine to believe in New Thought creeds,  
Let your mind just govern your will,  
If you were not born to suffer forlorn  
Some other's inherited ill.




It's best not to be mercenary,  
Not measure each thing by its worth,  
If you're sure you can pay your bills every day  
And you have everything on earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the man who has lived not enough to know,  
This advice I would gladly give:  
Tell no one by the how or the why;  
Each one has his life to live.





The adage old, "To err is human,"  
Is man's defence to trusting woman.








## The Pessimist

I'm tired of life, I'm tired of living;  
Tired of taking, tired of giving;  
Tired of asking the reason why  
We sorrow through life until we die.

You may live in this world  
A short while or long,  
And though things may start right,  
They somehow end wrong.

It's your health or your wealth,  
Your friends or your foes;  
The heartache you suffer  
When nobody knows;

A fear for your future;  
Regret for your past;  
A hope that some happiness  
Somehow may last;



A thought for some dear one  
To whom you can't give;  
A prayer for new courage  
To fight while you live.

A long wait for success  
Which may come bye and bye,  
When you're weary and old  
And it's just time to die.





## One Point of View

No one wants to listen to your troubles,  
No one wants to know that you feel blue;  
It's only when you're smiling and you're happy  
That everyone is glad to talk with you.  
Your friends will come to life like wine that bubbles,  
If Fortune smiles, you'll always get your due,  
But your trouble always doubles  
When you start to tell your troubles,  
So keep your health and wealth—it's up to you!





## Be Good to Yourself

Be good to yourself, take care of yourself,  
In this world you will find there are few  
Who won't take the best and leave you the rest,  
'Tis the way of the world so to do.

There's many a man who will whisper each day  
Of love and your eyes so blue,  
But try him tomorrow—try him to borrow,  
And you'll see how he cares for you!





A woman may look ever so much when she means  
ever so little.






## Unknown Love

(SONG)

Let me know love for one short hour,  
Let me die when that hour is done,  
Let me feel, let me know its power,  
Let me bask in the warmth of its Sun;  
Let sorrow come to me if need be,  
Let regret cause me ever to sigh,  
Let me waken from sleep  
Though I waken to weep—  
Let me love before I die!






## A Little Ray of Gladness

A little ray of gladness crept in my heart one day,  
Caused all my little sorrows to quickly fade away,  
Doubt and disappointment could nevermore hold sway;  
That little ray of gladness has come always to stay.






## The Test

When you've battered out an existence,  
    Been brave when storms were near,  
Been resigned without resistance,  
    Concealing the pent-up tear;  
When you've shown what you are made of,  
    Been willing to help and give;  
When from sorrows you've known  
Seeds of kindness have grown,  
    Then at last you are fit to live.







The fool who says nothing may be thought very wise,  
While the one who talks loudest burns his fish while it  
fries.





## Flowers

A flower that once bloomed in my heart  
Has died, and I would know  
Why night must end a summer day,  
And soon must fall the snow.

Why, when cold Winter chills a heart,  
Its soil can bear anew,  
When laid to rest, each petal's pressed  
With tears for morning dew.

For the violet dead there comes instead  
A rose, to tempt, to please;  
And the heart so sad is again made glad,  
While the rose perfumes the breeze.

And when the rose just somehow goes,  
A fragile lily shy  
Will come to live, will come to give  
I would I knew but why!





When you grow content to live, you will be resigned to die.





## To Mother:

Let each drink a toast to his mother—a toast!

For of all in the world we should love her the most;  
For husbands and wives may kick over the traces,

Our friends and our sweethearts may harden their  
faces,

And even our children may break with the past,

But mothers—God bless them!—will stick to the last;  
Then here's to our mothers—your mother—my  
mother—

You drink to the one and I'll drink to the other,  
The first of our sweethearts whose love never ends,

The staunchest of comrades, the firmest of friends;  
Then here's to the one whom we all love the most—

Your mother—my mother—our mothers—a toast!









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